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ABSTRACT

From its inauspicious beginnings as a men's store giveaway and a "girlie" magazine in 1933, "Esquire" magazine quickly established a policy of literary excellence. By 1945, the magazine included the works on such major literary figures as Erskine Caldwell, John Dos Passos, Dashiell Hammett, Ernest Hemingway, Ring Lardner, James T. Farrell, E. E. Cummings, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Mann, Bertrand Russell, John Steinbeck, Upton Sinclair, and Ezra Pound. Editor Arnold Gingrich used the pages of "Esquire" to publish the works of established writers, engage in controversial discussion, and encourage undiscovered writers. (DF)

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Literary Aspects of a Girlie Magazine: The Literary Contributions of Esquire, 1933-43

by

Thane Peterson

A Plan B Paper Submitted in Partial Fulfillment

of the Requirements for the Degree

of

MASTER OF ARTS

in

Mass Communication

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Throughout the early years of its existence, Esquire magazine was widely regarded as a girlie magazine. Titled "Esquire: The Magazine for Men," it began publication in the autumn of 1933 and was characterized from the first issue by over-sized pages filled with controversial, often racy articles and stories interspersed with full-page color cartoons of scantily-clad harem girls and bare-breasted mistresses lolling in bed discussing the relative merits of their latest lovers. The attitude of the general public toward the magazine is typified by this scene described in a letter published in one of the early issues: "A small boy seeing the latest Esquire on the drawing table dashed up to his mother--'Oh! mother there is Esquire; may I read it?' 'Yes, my dear, but only the cover.'" [1]

Esquire is still remembered by many early readers for making famous the "Petty Girl," the creation of cartoonist George Petty and rough equivalent of Playboy's "Vargas Girl" today, which graced the magazine's pages during the thirties and forties. In later years, Arnold Gingrich, Esquire's founding editor, was fond of telling young editors that it was not fine writing and famous contributors that accounted for the

magazine's early success, but the color cartoons. Nonetheless, Esquire published a sufficient number of articles and stories of literary merit for Theodore Peterson, the major historian of Twentieth Century American magazines, to conclude: "Esquire was a magazine of literary distinction for most of its first decade." [2]

Despite the undisputed popularity of the cartoons, major literary contributors were among the magazine's main drawing cards from the beginning. Contributors to each issue were listed in a column at the right of the front cover and among them on the cover of the first issue are Erskine Caldwell, John Dos Passos, Dashiell Hammett, Ernest Hemingway, and Ring Lardner, as well as George Ade and Montague Glass, two well-known humorists of the day. James T. Farrell contributed a books column. During the ten years that followed, the list of contributors to Esquire would grow to include, among others: Sherwood Anderson, Irvin S. Cobb, E.E. Cummings, Peter De Vries, Theodore Dreiser, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ford Madox Ford, John Gunther, Knut Hamsun, Langston Hughes, Aldous Huxley, D.H. Lawrence, Frederico Garcia Lorca, Maurice Maeterlinck, Thomas Mann, Andre Maurois, Ogden Nash, Frank O'Connor, Sean O'Faolain, Liam O'Flaherty, John O'Hara, Luigi Pirandello, Ezra Pound, Bertrand Russell, J.D. Salinger, William Saroyan, Upton Sinclair, John Steinbeck, and Thomas Wolfe. Three of the contributors during the first ten years--Maeterlinck, Hamsun and Mann--had won the Nobel Prize for Literature before they contributed to Esquire. Hemingway and Steinbeck would win Nobel Prizes in 1954 and 1962, respectively.

For a magazine that was to publish works by so many of the world's great writers, Esquire had an inauspicious beginning. The magazine's immediate antecedent was Apparel Arts, a men's fashion magazine which

began publication in October, 1931. Apparel Arts was a handsome, expensively produced quarterly which was distributed to men's stores to entice shoppers to buy clothing pictured in its pages. It was edited by Arnold Gingrich, a young advertising man and writer who, before joining the publishers of Apparel Arts during the late twenties when they were publishing several other men's clothing magazines, had written copy for Kuppenheimer clothing advertisements. About one year after Apparel Arts began publication, one of the magazine's customers requested an inexpensive Christmas giveaway publication to be distributed in its stores. A dummy for the publication, which after some discussion was called Esquire, was assembled from cut up copies of Apparel Arts. [3]

The first dummy of the new magazine contained sample articles such as "Bobby Jones on Golf," "Gene Tunney on Boxing," "Rudy Vallee on Show Biz," and "Ernest Hemingway on Fishing." As new dummies were prepared, more and more features were added to supplement the fashion content and as they were added, the magazine became "more and more hair-chested." [4] When all the features had finally been added, the publishers discovered to their horror that the magazine would have to sell for fifty cents to make a profit.

As the editor of Apparel Arts, Arnold Gingrich had been chosen as the obvious candidate to edit Esquire but he was, nonetheless, an unlikely editor of a major American magazine. He was born in Michigan and, after being graduated from the University of Michigan, he traveled to Chicago to try to become a novelist. He took a job writing advertising copy to support his family. He was hired away from Kuppenheimer by Dave Smart, who was to be one of the publishers of Apparel Arts and Esquire, largely because Smart admired the "Broad A" English in which

Gingrich's copy was written. Gingrich became editor of Apparel Arts by accident. He had originally expected to write advertising copy and to generally guide editorial content but the man he and Smart hired as editor turned out to be incompetent. Gingrich put together the first issue of the magazine almost singlehandedly by working thirty-six hours and twelve hours off for six weeks, writing from the first editor's notes. Most of the articles in the magazine dealt with the clothing industry.

Gingrich was, however, a man with enormous curiosity and a wide range of interests. He was to edit two other magazines put out by Smart: Ken, a left-leaning political magazine, and Coronet, a well-designed art magazine. Before he died, he was to write a number of books that relect the range of his interests. His novel, Cast Down the Laurel, which appeared during Esquire's second full year of publication, received critical acclaim and enjoyed a brief stay on the best-seller lists. He also wrote The Well-Tempered Angler, a book about his life-long interest in angling, Toys of a Lifetime, which is about the various toys and gadgets he collected during his life, and A Thousand Mornings of Music, which is about his love of the violin, an instrument he was in the habit of playing every morning when he first arrived at work.

Gingrich, apparently, was fascinated throughout much of his life by the idea that an amateur who is highly committed to a task can do it as well as, or better than an expert. For example, in recalling a dinner he had arranged in the mid-thirties with hopes of hearing an evening of brilliant conversation between H.L. Mencken and Theodore Dreiser, Gingrich said in his memoirs that he was disappointed that only two memorable things were said during the evening, both by Mencken. The first was that everyone, "even a Methodist

missionary," has at least one book in him, and the second was that "in three weeks you can become the second-best authority on any subject in the world--given access to a decent library with a good librarian." The best authority, Mencken said facetiously, was either God or the person who had written the best book on the subject of inquiry. [5]

In the forties, when Gingrich was complimented on his professional handling of witnesses in a court case (Esquire was accused in 1943 of having an "immoral" tone and threatened by the U.S. Postmaster General with loss of its second-class mailing privileges) Gingrich replied: "Hell no, there was nothing professional about it; I did it like a bloody amateur." Hearing him, Fritz Bamberger, Esquire's lawyer, repeated a half-remembered quotation from Goethe in which the poet said that an amateur, if he truly is an amator, a lover of what he does, unfailingly performs better than the professional going by the rules. "...For more than thirty years, off and on, Arnold asked me to find the exact quote," Bamberger wrote in a tribute to Gingrich after his death. [6]

Gingrich later was to consciously apply the idea of the superiority of the committed amateur to the expert when he set editing policy. Explaining why, in the fifties and sixties, he usually deferred to the opinions of younger editors in judging fiction, Gingrich said, "Editing, unlike anything else I can think of offhand, is a thing you can learn to do too well. This is one field in which experience can be a handicap." [7] Gingrich learned this lesson during the early years of Esquire. The form the magazine eventually took was largely a product of Gingrich's personality, his inexperience, and fortuitous circumstance.

Gingrich was able to attract with the help of Hemingway many of the well-known writers who contributed to early issues of Esquire. While he was editor of Apparel Arts, Gingrich wrote Hemingway several letters because he was collecting copies of Hemingway's published works. He sent Hemingway sample copies of the magazine and even sent him some of the clothing pictured in its pages. In 1933, as Esquire was beginning to take shape, Gingrich wrote Hemingway and asked him to consider becoming a contributor. The new magazine, he assured Hemingway, would not be a sissy journal; it would be a magazine with "ample hair on its chest and adequate cojones." [8]

Gingrich first met Hemingway in person late in the winter of 1933 at a bookstore. Hemingway agreed the same day to contribute a monthly sporting letter to the magazine as long as he was paid twice the going rate for articles. Gingrich arbitrarily set the going rate on the spot at one hundred dollars and Hemingway agreed to write the letters for two hundred dollars apiece with the stipulation that his rate could continue to double the going rate as rates rose. The deal was closed with a handshake. [9]

Perhaps more importantly, Hemingway also suggested the names of other writers Gingrich could contact for contributions, in many cases saying Gingrich could use his name as a reference. "Beginning the next day," Gingrich wrote in his memoirs, "my newly established rapport with Hemingway began paying off handsomely, and everywhere I went, and everything I did, that late winter and early spring of 1933, while soliciting material for the first issue, I found that the ability to say 'Ernest sent me' had the effect of Open Sesame." [10]

The young editor developed a routine for signing up contributors.

Once admitted to an author's presence, he pulled a checkbook out of his pocket and began to fill out a check in the author's name as he explained what he wanted. One hundred dollars, even during the depression, was considerably below rates paid successful writers by most major magazines and the author's response was the same in each case:

> "But surely," he would say, and the very words hardly varied a syllable, "you're not getting Hemingway for this."
>
> A hundred dollars was not being sneezed at by anybody that year, but still, well, after all, Hemingway.
>
> "No," I'd have to say, "no, I'm not. He gets twice as much, and will continue to, even as our rates improve, which of course I hope they will do soon and often. But"--and this was the hurdle I had to get over every time--"that's the deal I have with him and I have to stick to it."
>
> Such was the magic of his name then that nobody threw me out as I negotiated that first jump, and only one did, afterward. 11

To ensure further contributions to the early issues from distinguished writers, Gingrich made the rounds of established magazines such as Cosmopolitan offering to buy material from the magazines' files that had not been published because it was too controversial or too different from usual offerings to be used. He was able to buy articles that had cost one to five thousand dollars for a few hundred dollars. [12]

Whether its success was due to the cartoons or to the famous contributors Gingrich was able to attract is debatable, but the first issue of Esquire was a success almost from the moment it hit the newsstands, in spite of its fifty cent price tag. Experts had predicted that the magazine could sell no more than 25,000 copies but the publishers had brashly printed 105,000 anyway, all but 5,000 of them intended for distribution in men's clothing stores. [13] Demand for the new magazine was so great that the ratio was immediately reversed and all but 5,000 copies were retrieved from clothing stores

and distributed to news-stands. [14] Esquire's circulation had climbed to 675,000 a little more than three years later, although it declined considerably during the late thirties. [15] The happy publishers were forced to add advertising pages (with numbers such as 12A and 12B) to keep up with circulation as it rose ahead of their wildest projections. Esquire, which had been intended as a quarterly, became a monthly with its second issue.

The first issues of the magazine have a distinctly amateur quality. The insides of the front and back covers were not numbered as pages as they are in most magazines, an oversight that caused confusion when the advertising pages were counted. Many stories were jumped to the back pages and sometimes were jumped three or four times after the first jump. There was no marker to indicate when a story had ended and the problem of simply knowing when an Esquire story had ended became a major topic of early letters to the editor. One story, published in an early issue and purportedly written by a young author hailed as the "Discovery of the Month," turned out to be a paraphrase of a short story written by Ambrose Bierce. [16]

The new magazine regularly solicited suggestions for improvements from readers—"One of the things that are [sic] needed, for the ultimate shaping of this magazine into what will be its final form, is a frank reaction from its readers.... Come on, let's have it—we're leading with the chin." [17]—and discussed suggestions in later issues. The solicitation of readers' suggestions made the magazine seem more responsive, and more capable of response, to reader opinion. Sometimes, however, campaigns for reader opinion reflected the magazine's amateur quality in an unflattering light.

One of the early contributions to Esquire was a story by the young black writer, Langston Hughes, about an affair between a young black woman and a middle-aged white man. Esquire ran a full-page advertisement asking readers whether or not the story should be run. The advertisement, headlined "Three Characters in Search of a Magazine that is Unhampered by the Old Taboos," included a brief synopsis of the story:

> "Mr. Lloyd had plenty of money, liked his licker and his women young and pretty. Out of one of the Harlem night clubs he picked up Pauline, one of these golden browns like an Alabama moon. From then on the blondes didn't have a break. A sugar brown had crowded the white babies out and he loved her like a dog. But she had a colored boyfriend--a tall black good looking guy, a number runner on 135th Street. Mr. Lloyd found out about him and they had a hell of a quarrel." Well, we musn't spoil it by telling too much, but that little high brown told that rich white man to go to the devil. And that, both figuratively and literally, is just what he did. 18

Readers generally were in favor of running the story but the violence of some of the responses to the advertisement prompted Esquire to remind its readers that it was proposing to run a short story, not "an article suggesting immediate, compulsory, and universal miscegenation." [19] The story, "A Good Job Done," was published in the April, 1934 issue of the magazine.

Gingrich regarded Esquire as a proponent and popularizer of modern fiction. A note about Dos Passos in the "Backstage With Esquire" section of the first issue, for example, describes him as "an author who ought to be read by everyone.... No one, with the possible exception of Joyce...has had a more pronounced influence on the contemporary novel." [20] The tasteless campaign for the story by Langston Hughes, however, demonstrates the pitfalls of promoting important fiction in a popular magazine.

Gingrich had no intention of turning Esquire into a literary magazine aimed only at highbrow readers. He had literary aspirations for the magazine but they were limited by the problems of filling monthly issues that often contained more than fifty articles. In a statement of fiction policy in the June, 1935 issue, he divided fiction into three types: the lowest--re-writes of the story of Cinderella"--in which the general pattern is to "bring 'em together, tear 'em apart and bring 'em together again;" the second type, the "manufactured or synthetic story with stock characters put through the paces of routine plot situations" typified by the stories of Damon Runyon; and the highest type, the "character integrated story," in which "the plot, or lack of plot, is an integral and inevitable outgrowth of the honest depiction of individual character." "If Esquire were a literary magazine," he went on to say, "it would run nothing but Type III. If it were a women's magazine, it would run almost nothing but Type I. But being what it is, a magazine for the literate but not necessarily the literary, for the intelligent but not necessarily the intellectual, it must try to provide, every month, a balanced bill of fiction fare made up of the best available selections from Types II and III. And inevitably in a magazine for intelligent adults, the selections from Type III must predominate." [21]

However, from the beginning Gingrich established editorial policies that would ensure that the best writers would contribute to the magazine in spite of its low rate of payment. His general policy is summed up in a variation of Jefferson's dictum about government which Gingrich was fond of quoting: "He who edits best edits least." Contributors were assured that their copy would be changed little, if at all, and that no major changes would be made without approval of the author.

Virtually no restrictions were placed on subject matter; provocative articles about virtually any subject imaginable were accepted and published. Obscenities were allowed if they were necessary within the context of a story to create a sense of realism, a policy that was announced in several early issues. Contributors were paid immediately upon receipt of a manuscript and often were advanced money against future contributions.

Esquire also started an active campaign to attract unknown writers to its fold. Writers whose works had never been published were encouraged to submit stories to Esquire and the magazine announced in its pages that it would try to publish at least one story each month by a previously unpublished author. The new discoveries were announced in the "Backstage With Esquire" section as the "Discovery of the Month." Contributors were assured in the first issue that all manuscripts would be read by the editor and throughout the early years all manuscripts that were not accepted were returned to the author with hand-written comments by the editor.

Contributions to Esquire by well-known authors are mixed in quality, particularly during the magazine's first two years of publication. The story that put John Dos Passos' name on the cover of the first issue, for example, is a sketch from his novel-in-progress, The Big Money, the third part of the U.S.A. trilogy, that is so short it scarcely deserves to be called a sketch. "Back Home in 1919" [22] describes the arrival of Charley Anderson, the novel's main character, in New York after World War I. The sketch, which comes at the beginning of The Big Money, does not stand up well outside the novel because Dos Passos is painting a picture in very broad strokes to build the themes of the novel and to call back to the

themes of the second volume of the trilogy.

On the other hand, Dos Passos's contribution to the second issue of Esquire, "Man With a Watch in His Hand,"[23] is one of the most brilliantly written sections of The Big Money. Dos Passos interpolated various sections of writing--quotations from newspapers and newsreels, highly poetic "camera eye" sections, and biographies of famous individuals--into the main body of the narrative to give the novel a kaleidoscopic effect. The biographies describe in a few pages the lives of famous Americans he thought were representative of the spirit of the post-World War I period. They stand up well outside the novel because they were written as separate sections and "Man With a Watch in His Hand"--a characterization of Frederick Winslow Taylor--is, along with the biography of Thorstein Veblin, one of the two best in the novel.

Fitzgerald contributed three articles and two short stories to Esquire during its first two years. The first two of his articles, "Show Mr. and Mrs.--"[24] and "Auction--Model 1934,"[25] are by-lined Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald and they are, respectively, a description of the hotel rooms that the Fitzgeralds stayed in during their years of travel and a description of a make-believe auction of the various memorabilia that the Fitzgeralds collected during the gravy years of F. Scott Fitzgerald's popularity. The third article, "Sleeping and Waking,"[26] describes Fitzgerald's battles with insomnia and fore-shadows the brilliance of his later description of his nervous breakdown in "The Crack-Up," published in Esquire in 1936.[27] All three of Fitzgerald's articles from the first two years of Esquire were included in The Crack Up, a collection of Fitzgerald's articles edited by critic Edmund Wilson which took its name from the 1936 Esquire article.[28]

The two short stories that Fitzgerald contributed to Esquire during

the first two years are not characteristic of his most familiar fiction. "The Fiend"[29] is about a man whose wife was murdered. The story describes the mental tortures the man wreaks on the murderer in fortnightly visits to his jail cell. "Last Night at Chancellorsville"[30] describes the flight of a group of prostitutes from the battlefield at the beginning of the Battle of Chancellorsville. Because they are uncharacteristic of most of Fitzgerald's fiction, the stories are difficult to judge, but Fitzgerald thought highly enough of them to include them at the last minute in Taps at Reveille, a collection of his short stories published in 1935. However, one biographer said Fitzgerald "tended like all writers to overrate his most recent work,"[31] and added the stories to the collection for that reason. Neither of the stories is included in the section of Malcolm Cowley's collection of Fitzgerald's stories that is devoted to his late writing.[32]

Hemingway's contributions to Esquire during the first two years range from good to indifferent to awful. There are images in his sporting letters such as a description of how a horse falls after it has been shot--"all of him will race all the rest of him to the ground and he will never move except to stiffen his legs out so he falls like a tree"[33]--that are as powerful as the best descriptive images in his fiction. But, according to Carlos Baker, Hemingway's major biographer, Hemingway may have begun to believe his press clippings during the mid-thirties and often seemed to play the role of the great author.[34] His sporting letters are sometimes marred by his role playing.

One letter about white hunters in Africa, for example, is interspersed with parenthetical asides challenging readers to try to improve on the prose of the master, as if writing were a sports competition:

> "There are two white hunters in Africa who not only have never had a client mauled--there are many such, but these have never been mauled themselves; and there are very few of them...But the point is that they do not get mauled and that their clients get record heads, record tusks and super lions year after year. They simply happen to be super hunters and super shots. (There are too many supers in these last two sentences. Re-write them yourselves lads and see how easy it is to do better than Papa. Thank you. Exhilarating feeling, isn't it?)
>
> Both mask their considerable skill under a pose of nervous incapacity which serves as an effective insulation and covers their truly great pride in the reserve of deadliness they live by. (All right now, better that one. Getting harder, what? Not too hard you say? Good. Perhaps you're right.)[35]

The low point among Hemingway's contributions is a column in which he was (or pretended to be) alternately drunk and sober as he wrote. The column resolves itself in a vicious attack on William Saroyan, who had received critical attention the year before with the appearance of "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." "He [Saroyan] had it coming to him," Hemingway wrote toward the end of the column as if to justify the attack. "He started bandying names in a story he wrote. A goddamn sight better names than any name he'll ever pick. He was talking about Dos and Joyce and Faulkner. You see he thought using their names put him in their class. Why the poor ignorant bastid."[36]

There also are high moments during the first two years when the magazine published some of the best writing being done in the world at the time. Dreiser contributed a brilliantly evocative two-part portrait of "Mathewson,"[37] a newspaperman he had known in St. Louis who had committed aesthetic suicide after the example of the French poet Rimbaud. D.H. Lawrence contributed three stories during the period, among them "Strike Pay,"[38] one of his most memorable, which has the strong beat of blood coursing through the veins that characterizes all of Lawrence's best fiction. Also worthy of notice

are Thomas Mann's story, "The Hungry,"[39] and "No More Trouble for Jedwick,"[40] a story by Louis Paul, one of Esquire's discoveries, which won the O. Henry Memorial award for 1934.

Esquire published relatively little poetry, although Gingrich had tried to sign up E.E. Cummings as a contributor to the first issue.[41] Cummings' work did not appear in the magazine until May, 1935 when five of the poems from his collection, No Thanks appeared. The first of them (none of the poems have titles) is one of two first-rate poems Esquire published during its first ten years (the other is the last poem Lorca wrote before he died):

> that which we who're alive in spite of mirrors
> (have died beyond the clock)we, of ourselves
>
> who more a part are(less who are aware)
>
> than of my books could be your shelves
> (that which we die for:not when or unless
> if or to prove,imperfectly or since
>
> but through spontaneous deft strictly horrors
>
> which stars may not observe; while roses wince)
> that which we die for lives (may never cease
> views with smooth vigilant perpetual eyes
> each exact victim, how he does not stir)
>
> O love, my soul!soul clings and heart conceives
>
> and mind leaps(and that which we die for lives
> as wholly as that which we live for dies)[42]

1936 was a banner year for Esquire. The magazine published more fiction of brilliance during that year than during any other year before or since and perhaps more than any other American magazine has published during a single year. Hemingway submitted three of his best stories in lieu of columns. Fitzgerald contributed "Afternoon of an Author" and the three articles that make up the Crack-Up series. Dos Passos published several sections of The Big Money. Thomas Mann, Sean O'Faolain, Sherwood Anderson,

Frank O'Connor, John O'Hara, John Steinbeck, and William Saroyan each published one story during the year.

Hemingway was increasingly preoccupied with the Spanish Civil War during 1936 and was trying to arrange to be hired by a news syndicate as a correspondent covering the war. He also was indebted to Esquire for having advanced him the money to help pay for his fishing boat, the Pilar, and had developed a close personal friendship with Gingrich. Unable to meet the deadline for the sporting letters, he submitted three of his best short stories instead: "The Tradesman's Return,"[43] the most tightly written section of To Have and Have Not, the novel he was working on at the time; "Horns of the Bull,"[44] a story about a Spanish boy who dies while practicing to be a bull-fighter which has been included in several anthologies; and perhaps his best short story, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro,"[45] which poet and short story writer Jesse Stuart called "all of Hemingway's best stories in one hunk."[46]

In addition to the three stories, Hemingway submitted one of his best sporting articles, "On the Blue Water," during 1936. The article demonstrates the curious relationship between Hemingway's journalism and his fiction. In it he summarized the true story on which he based The Old Man and the Sea:

> ...an old man fishing alone is a skiff out in the Cabanas hooked a great marlin that, on the heavy sashcord line, pulled the skiff far out to sea. Two days later the man was picked up by fishermen sixty miles to the eastward, the head and forward part of the marlin lashed alongside. What was left of the fish, less than half, weighed eight hundred pounds. The old man had stayed with him a day, a night, a day and another night while the fish swam deep and pulled the boat. When he had come up the old man had pulled the boat up on him and harpooned him. Lashed alongside the sharks had hit him and the old man had fought them out alone in the Gulf Stream in a skiff, clubbing them, stabbing at them, lunging at them with an oar until he was exhausted and the sharks had eaten all that they could hold. He was crying in the boat when the fishermen picked him up, half crazy from his loss, and the sharks were still circling the boat.[47]

Although he had planned to write a book based on the incident as early as 1939,[48] Hemingway did not write the Old Man and the Sea until 1951. Before he began writing, Hemingway asked a friend to make sure that the details of the incident were true. The book was published in 1952 (after Life magazine devoted an entire issue to it) and Hemingway received the Nobel Prize for it two years later.

Dos Passos continued to publish sections of The Big Money in Esquire during 1936. "Art and Isadora,"[49] a biography of Isadora Duncan, the dancer; and "Personal Appearance, (Rudolph Valentino);"[50] like the biography of Frederick Winslow Taylor published in 1934, stand up well outside the novel. Two sections from the main narrative, "The Big Director"[51] and "None but the Brave,"[52] stand up less well and leave the reader with the feeling that the stories are not quite finished when they end. Dos Passos also contributed an article about European artist and satarist George Grosz to the September issue.[53]

Of the contributions during 1936 by other major writers, the best are Thomas Mann's symbolic portrayal of puritanism as a precursor to fascism, "The Godly Warrier;"[54] O'Faolain's "The Tall Courter,"[55] the story of a nurse in a madhouse who is courted by a man who ends up under her care singing to himself; and Steinbeck's "The Lonesome Vigilante,"[56] a wrenching story about the lynching of a black man.

But, with the possible exception of Hemingway's stories, the most brilliant contributions to Esquire during 1936 were the three articles that make up the Crack-Up series: "The Crack-Up,"[57] "Pasting it Together,"[58] and "Handle with Care,"[59] which were published in consecutive issues beginning in February. All three of the articles are included in The Crack Up.

Fitzgerald had been forgotten by most of the reading public by the mid-thirties. Tender is the Night, published in 1934, had sold only 13,000 copies [60] and his earlier novels had gone out of print. He also was beset by personal misfortune. His wife, Zelda, had been committed to a mental institution and her condition worsened throughout the period. Fitzgerald himself was ill much of the time and suffered an emotional breakdown in 1934. After his recovery, he battled alcoholism and loneliness. He found it increasingly difficult to write and, because he was always in debt, it was increasingly important for him to sell fiction.

Gingrich had advanced Fitzgerald payment on future stories in 1934 and early 1935 and, when no stories were forthcoming, Gingrich traveled to Baltimore in the spring of 1935 to talk with Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald complained that he couldn't make his editors at the Saturday Evening Post understand that he could not go on writing stories about young love anymore and that his debts made it difficult for him to write anything at all. Gingrich complained in turn that he could not go on advancing Fitzgerald money without having a manuscript to show Esquire's auditors he was getting something for the payments. He offered the mundane suggestion that Fitzgerald write five hundred times on a piece of paper: "I can't write stories about young love for the Saturday Evening Post because I can't write stories about young love...." Gingrich said doing this might help break Fitzgerald's writing block and said he would accept the sheet of paper as a manuscript. Fitzgerald rufused, saying the plan "verged on fraud." Gingrich continued to advance him money anyway and eventually received the Crack-Up series as payment. [61]

"The Crack-Up" is the most personal and agonizing article that

Fitzgerald ever wrote and one of the most extraordinary that Esquire ever published. It describes Fitzgerald's sense of emotional bankrupcy during 1934, the year when he realized "that for two years of my life I had been drawing on resources that I did not possess, that I had been mortgaging myself physically and spiritually up to the hilt."

> I realized that in those two years, in order to preserve something--an inner hush maybe, maybe not--I had weaned myself from all the things I used to love--that every act of life from the morning tooth-brush to the friend at dinner had become an effort. I saw that for a long time I had not liked people and things, but only followed the rickety old pretense of liking. I saw that even my love for those closest to me was become only an attempt at love, that my casual relations--with an editor, a tobacco seller, the child of a friend, were only what I remembered I should do, from other days. All in the same month I became bitter about such things as the sound of the radio, the advertisements in the magazines, the screech of tracks, the dead silence of the country--contemptuous at human softness, immediately (if secretively) quarrelsome toward the hardness--hating the night when I couldn't sleep and hating the day because it went toward night. 62

"The Crack-Up" was followed by two articles describing how Fitzgerald slowly put his life back together.

Such personal agonizing in print led Hemingway to make his now famous reference to Fitzgerald in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," published in Esquire later that year: "He remembered poor Scott Fitzgerald and his romantic awe of them [the rich] and how he had started a story once that began, 'The rich are very different from you and me.' And how someone had told Scott, Yes they have more money." 63 Fitzgerald, who was hurt and angered by the reference, wrote Hemingway asking him to remove the passage when the story came out in a book. Hemingway substituted "Julian" for Fitzgerald's name but the passage remained intact when the story was re-published in The Bedside Esquire, a collection of stories from the magazine's first ten years.

After 1936, the literary history of Esquire revolves around two points of focus--Fitzgerald and the Spanish Civil War. Fitzgerald was "pretty much committed to Esquire" [64] to buy his fiction after 1936. Twenty-two of his last twenty-three stories and articles were sold to the magazine. Hemingway, Dos Passos and Langston Hughes traveled to Spain and contributed pieces about the civil war to Esquire.

Hemingway contributed three short stories about incidents in Chicote's bar in Madrid during the second year of the siege of the city by Franco's army. "The Denunciation" [65] is about the denunciation by a waiter of an old customer of the bar and friend of the narrator's who had become a fascist. "The Butterfly and the Tank" [66] is an attempt to show the fraying of nerves in the besieged city; a man enters the bar from a wedding across the street and begins playfully to shoot the waiters with eau de cologne, the waiters complain, the man continues, and the man is shot by soldiers drinking at the bar. "Night Before Battle," [67] perhaps the strongest of the stories, describes a conversation between the narrator and an American tank operator he had known in the States who knows he will die in battle the next day.

Dos Passos contributed five articles describing his trip by truck from the French border with Spain to Madrid and his first days in the city. The articles were published in successive months beginning in October, 1937. The trip begins in Paris, and Dos Passos remembers, in a passage that demonstrates the descriptive power of his journalism, Paris as he knew it during World War I:

> ...far away to the north an anti-aircraft gun would start barking. Then the sirens would chill the spine and the whole ring of the barrage would go into action. Schrapnel would sparkle tinsely overhead, and gradually through the din the sound of airplane motors would fill your ears humming now soft now loud. Then very soon would come the shriek and the red flare and the shattering growl where the bombs had hit. 68

Describing the trip Dos Passos creates with detail a picture of the devastation of Spain: a group of men spotlighted in the truck's headlights and the sudden realization that they all are on crutches and that each of them has only one leg,[69] the noise of the truck's motor that does not stop when the engine is shut off and the sudden realization that the sound is machine gun fire in the distance,[70] and the "yellow smoke and the smell of granite dust that drifted slowly past in the wind" during the shelling of Madrid.[71] The final article, "The Villages are the Heart of Spain,"[72] describes the peace and plenty found in the villages surrounding Madrid at a time when people in the city were starving.

War--the Spanish Civil War and the impending war in Europe--continued to preoccupy Esquire's contributors in late 1938 and early 1939. Langston Hughes, who spent six months in Spain in 1938, contributed a poem, "Air-Raid: Barcelona,"[73] to the October, 1938 issue. Thomas Mann contributed an intensely personal essay about the essential powerlessness of the artist--and his feelings of kinship and guilt as a German living in America--as Nazism increasingly made gains in Europe.

Fitzgerald, unaffected by either of the wars, was living in his own private hell. By the fall of 1937, he had moved to Hollywood to write movie scripts. In Hollywood, he met and fell in love with Sheilah Graham who was just beginning her career as a gossip columnist. Graham cared for Fitzgerald throughout the last years of his life and, usually, managed to keep him on the wagon so he could write. However, Fitzgerald had several monumental falls from the wagon. One of them was in Chicago where he had gone with Graham while she did a radio broadcast. While in Chicago, Fitzgerald called Gingrich to come to his hotel to pick up some articles he had written. Graham's description of the scene in Fitzgerald's

room when she returned from the broadcast demonstrates the lengths Gingrich was willing to go to to help a writer he believed in:

> As I entered my room I heard muffled voices from Scott's. The door between was closed. I pushed it open and stood, dumfounded. A tray of food was on a serving table; Scott sat in a chair beside it, a napkin around his neck like a bib--and sitting facing him, knee to knee, was a younger man carefully feeding him. Each time Scott opened his mouth, the stranger deftly thrust in a forkful of food. As I stood there, speechless, there was a brief struggle. Scott had suddenly tried to bite the stranger's hand. "Oh, stop it, Scott!" the other said, more in annoyance than anger. I noticed that Scott's bib--and his friend's shirtfront--were spattered with coffee. "How am I going to get this down if you're going to play games?"
>
> They became aware of me. "Hi, Sheilo," said Scott, genially. The stranger rose, brushing pieces of cut-up steak and bread-crumbs from his trousers. "Sorry you had to walk in on this Mack Sennett comedy," he said, with amazing aplomb. "You're Miss Graham, of course." He introduced himself. He was Arnold Gingrich, Editor of Esquire magazine.
>
> I stammered, "Oh, this is awful, just awful! Have you ever seen him like this before?"
>
> Scott spoke up. "Show her those articles, Arnold!" His language became abusive. Arnold gently persuaded him to lie down on the bed and presently Scott dozed off. 74

Fitzgerald, ironically, had begun 1937 by publishing a story called "An Alcoholic Case"[75] in Esquire in February. The story describes the ministrations of a nurse to an unruly alcoholic, and the reluctance of other nurses to replace her after she quits.

During the three years from the beginning of 1937 to the end of 1939, Fitzgerald published fewer stories--twelve, eight of them in Esquire--than he had published in 1936. In the later stories, he continued the process, begun in the Crack-Up series and several earlier stories, of coming to grips with his inability to continue to write about young love. Notable among the stories he published during the 1937-1939 period are "Financing Finnigan," [76] which is about a famous but unproductive author who requests advances for books and stories he never writes, and "Design in Plaster," [77] a story of young love turned old and sour which describes the jealousy of a man confined to bed for

several weeks after breaking his shoulder while showing off for his wife. The story is based on an incident in which Fitzgerald broke his shoulder doing a swan dive while showing off for Zelda.

Fitzgerald regained the productivity of 1936 in late 1938 when he began writing the Pat Hobby stories, a series of stories about a hack script writer in Hollywood, which began to appear in Esquire in January, 1940. Pat Hobby is a new sort of character for Fitzgerald, "a complete rat" but not essentially a cynical character, whom Fitzgerald portrays with sardonic detachment. [78] Fitzgerald wrote seventeen Pat Hobby stories, the last of which, "Pat Hobby's College Days," [79] appeared in May, 1941, six months after his death.

The Pat Hobby stories are generally ignored by critics of Fitzgerald's work; critics, perhaps, assume that because the stories are about a hack they are the work of a hack in the waning days of his productivity. But Fitzgerald saw the stories as making a whole--together he saw them as a comedy [80]--and he constantly revised them and changed the order of their appearance, usually to make them more interdependent. [81] Gingrich later edited the stories when they came out as a book, [82] for which he wrote the introduction, and they read well as an episodic novel. If Fitzgerald had lived to write a body of fiction in this new, unRomantic vein, the Pat Hobby stories might be more highly rated by critics.

Esquire published little of literary merit during the year-and-a-half after the last of Fitzgerald's Pat Hobby stories appeared. The beginning of a new era is marked by the appearance in Esquire's pages of writers such as Budd Schulberg, J.D. Salinger and Peter De Vries. Since so much of the great writing in Esquire during the late thirties dealt with Loyalist Spain, it is perhaps fitting that the last piece of truly great writing to appear during the magazine's first ten years

(with the possible exception of Fitzgerald's last stories) is "Dark Night of the Soul," the last poem written by Spanish poet and playwright Frederico Garcia Lorca before he was beaten and shot to death by Franco's Guardia Civil:

> Down in my groins, like love, lives death
> vainly I wait for him to end my poem--
> a flower whithers and is done
> while I alone may live without me
> yet I strain with desire to go on as one.
>
> The wind lives forever. The inert stone
> never knows this shadow nor seeks its escape
> And the warm heart's center
> does not need the frozen honey
> that drips slowly from the moon.
>
> But I will endure him--Look! claw at my veins,
> tiger and dove on your hoary belt
> cast a pattern of wounds and white lilies.
>
> Still, my madness is only words:
> then let me live my quiet night
> of the soul eternally dark. 83

In 1942, Esquire began a ten-year decline in literary quality. After 1936, Gingrich had devoted much of his time to other magazines published by Smart--Ken, Coronet, and, briefly, Verve--although he continued to take an active part in editing Esquire. In the forties Gingrich went abroad to live and, he confessed in 1958, "From roughly '42 to '52, or approximately the second decade, our grapes weren't tended as carefully as they had been before and have been since. Some of us turned our backs on the vineyard for too long a time, and thought the vines would tend themselves."[84] Gingrich left the magazine entirely in 1945 and did not return until 1952. He continued to take an active role in editing Esquire through the mid-1960s.

During Gingrich's absence, particularly during the war years, Esquire gained much of its lingering reputation as a girlie magazine.

Dave Smart was listed both as editor and publisher after Gingrich left and the magazine changed editorial direction. Esquire's reputation as a girlie magazine was solidified by the U.S. Postmaster General's charge that the magazine had an "immoral" tone and his attempt, beginning in 1943, to remove its second class mailing privileges. The case was carried through the courts for several years and finally was settled in Esquire's favor in a unanimous decision by the U.S. Supreme Court. When Gingrich returned to the magazine in 1952, he scrapped thousands of dollars worth of articles that had been scheduled for publication and began to build a new group of contributors that would include Norman Mailer, Tennessee Williams, Philip Roth, Arthur Miller, William Inge and Vance Bourjaily, among others.[85]

Assessing Esquire's contributions to literature is a difficult task. Most of the writers who contributed to the magazine were established writers when they began to contribute and most of them continued to contribute to other magazines in addition to Esquire. And, many of the writers of literary distinction who contributed to the magazine during its first ten years contributed nothing of literary merit. Ezra Pound, for example, contributed no poetry or fiction; he is listed among Esquire's contributors for having written several quirky articles and essays, most of which deal with his pet theory that many of the world's problems are caused by paper money. Thomas Wolfe and Sherwood Anderson contributed several pedestrian stories each.

Esquire's "Discovery of the Month" campaign was mildly successful, particularly during its first five years. Louis Paul, one of the first discoveries, continued to contribute regularly after winning the O. Henry Memorial Award in 1934. In 1937, Esquire was the first magazine to

publish a story by Pietro Di Donato. The story, "Christ in Concrete," [86] was later expanded into a novel of the same title which is a major contribution to American proletarian literature. However, with the exceptions of stories by Paul and Di Donato, stories by most of Esquire's discoveries are mediocre.

Esquire has been examined in this paper on the basis of timeless (so far as can be judged) literary excellence, rather than on the whole body of its fiction content. Unmentioned, for example, is Ben Hecht's best short story, "Snowfall in Childhood," a beautiful and touching story about a snowy day during Hecht's childhood in Wisconsin, which was published in November, 1934. In any thorough discussion, and perhaps in any fair discussion of Esquire's content, Hecht's story would be mentioned. The story is not mentioned in the body of this paper simply because Hecht is a minor writer who, even at his best, does not reach the level of writers such as Hemingway, Fitzgerald and Mann. Using timeless literary excellence as a standard of judgement, only a few contributions to Esquire during its first ten years--the short stories by Lawrence, Hemingway, Steinbeck and Mann, Fitzgerald's Crack-Up series, several articles by Dreiser and Lorca's last poem notable among them--have, to use E.B. White's phrase, "the odor of durability clinging to them."

Nonetheless, few American magazines can match, in a ten year period, the literary excellence of the best contributions to Esquire during its first ten years. Esquire is distinguished from other American magazines by its willingness to provide a particularly open (if ill-paying) forum in which writers could publish their works. Some of the magazine's best fiction--Hemingway's story, "The Horns of the Bull," for example--had been rejected by other popular magazines before it was taken to Esquire. Gingrich's

willingness to publish almost anything by writers of distinction without revision was, along with his treatment of Fitzgerald during the last years of his life, the source of Esquire's greatest achievement.

But Esquire was, first and foremost, a popular magazine. The literary contributions form a Romantic contrast to much of the other material in the magazine; Esquire is, as Peterson has pointed out, characterized by "excellence with a streak of vulgarity." [87] It is a magazine in which an article entitled "She's No Longer Faithful If--" [88] can be found neatly tucked between short stories by Thomas Mann [89] and Sean O'Faolain, [90] the short stories surrounded in turn by mildly salacious cartoons. Esquire is still probably best remembered for the publication of "Latins Are Lousy Lovers," for which it was banned in Cuba. [91]

Much of Esquire's excellence is the timely excellence of a great general interest magazine: sports articles, columns by writers such as George Jean Nathan and Burton Rascoe, art by numerous popular artists, photography, fashion features, humor written by writers such as Ade, Glass and Lardner, and controversial articles about an endless variety of subjects. Omitted from this paper is the whole world of non-literary editorial content that made up ninety-five percent of the magazine's offerings. Gingrich described the difficulty of analyzing the editorial content of a popular magazine, using a metaphor that emphasizes the speciousness of judging a popular magazine by academic standards, when he said that "analyzing the content of a living magazine is somewhat like the sport in which university professors indulge for the amusement of the press when they analyze the physical make-up of a living person's body. The list of ingredients is simple, but putting them all together in the indicated proportions is not enough to create a new life. A certain

spark will still be missing. Nobody knows what it is. Nobody can tell how it can be captured. It can only be recognized, not duplicated." [92]

It has been charged that the editing of Esquire, by Gingrich and after his model, was non-editing." [93] But Gingrich's role in Esquire's success is clear: during the years when he took an active part in editing the magazine it attracted many of the finest writers in the world to its pages; when Gingrich did not take an active part in editing the magazine, its literary quality declined. Gingrich was not necessarily a fine arbiter of literary taste--he did not have to be with the editorial policies he instituted--and much of the fiction published in Esquire during the first ten years was not of high quality. But Gingrich contributed the spark of life to Esquire and the peculiar ability to attract major writers to its fold. Eventually, many of the writers he attracted contributed a few articles or stories of brilliance. Based on Esquire's literary publications during the first ten years alone, Gingrich deserves a place next to Harold Ross of the New Yorker as one of the two greatest editors of popular American magazines during this century.

Footnotes:

[1]F. Brown Browne, "Letter to the Editor," Esquire, 26 (Jan., 1936) 8.

[2]Theodore B. Peterson, Magazines in the Twentieth Century (Urbana, 1964), p. 275.

[3]For a short history of Esquire, see Peterson, pp. 273-81.

[4]Arnold Gingrich, Nothing But People (New York, 1971), p. 81.

[5]Gingrich, p. 233.

[6]Don Erickson, et al, "Some Words and Pictures About Arnold Gingrich, Founding Editor of Esquire, 1903-1976," Esquire, 515 (Oct., 1976) 69.

[7]Gingrich, p. 213.

[8]Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story (New York, 1969), p. 240.

[9]Gingrich, pp. 85-6.

[10]Gingrich, p. 88.

[11]Gingrich, p. 89.

[12]Henry F. Pringle, "Sex, Esq.," Scribners, 103 (March, 1938), 38.

[13]Peterson, p. 275

[14]Peterson, p. 275

[15]Gingrich, p. 214

[16]Pringle, p. 33.

[17]Esquire (Autumn, 1933) 4.

[18]Esquire (Jan., 1934) 15.

[19]Esquire (Feb., 1934) 11.

[20]Esquire (Autumn, 1933) 7.

[21]Esquire (Jan., 1935) 7.

[22]John Dos Passos, "Back Home in 1919," Esquire, 1 (Autumn, 1933) 10.

[23]John Dos Passos, "Man With a Watch in his Hand," Esquire, 2 (Jan., 1934) 55.

[24]F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, "Show Mr. and Mrs.--," Esquire, 6 (May, 1934) 19 and Esquire, 19 (June, 1934) 23.

[25]F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, "Auction--Model 1934," Esquire, 8 (July, 1934) 20.

[26]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Sleeping and Waking," Esquire, 13 (Dec., 1934) 34.

[27]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Crack-Up," Esquire, 27 (Feb., 1936) 41.

[28]Edmund Wilson, ed. The Crack Up (New York, no date).

[29]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Fiend," Esquire, 14 (Jan., 1935) 23.

[30]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Night Before Chancellorsville," Esquire, 15 (Feb., 1935) 24.

[31]Arthur Mizener, The Far Side of Paradise (Boston, 1965) p. 283.

[32]Malcolm Cowley, ed. The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald (New York, 1951).

[33]Ernest Hemingway, "On Being Shot Again," Esquire 19 (June, 1935) 25.

[34]Baker, pp. 266-7.

[35]Ernest Hemingway, "Notes on Dangerous Game," Esquire, 8 (July, 1934) 19.

[36]Ernest Hemingway, "Notes on Life and Letters," Esquire 14 (Jan., 1935) 21.

[37]Theodore Dreiser, "Mathewson," Esquire, 6 (May, 1934) 20 and Esquire, 7 (June, 1934) 24.

[38]D.H. Lawrence, "Strike Pay," Esquire, 7 (June, 1934) 54.

[39]Thomas Mann, "The Hungry," Esquire, 16(March, 1935) 22.

[40]Louis Paul, "No More Trouble for Jedwick," Esquire, 4 (March, 1934) 58.

[41]Esquire (May, 1935) 22B.

[42]E.E. Cummings, "Five Poems," Esquire, 18 (May, 1935) 39.

[43]Ernest Hemingway, "The Tradesman's Return," Esquire, 27 (Feb., 1936) 27.

[44]Ernest Hemingway, "The Horns of the Bull," Esquire, 31 (June, 1936) 31.

[45]Ernest Hemingway, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Esquire, 33 (Aug., 1936) 27.

[46]Arnold Gingrich, ed. The Bedside Esquire (New York, no date) p. 7.

[47]Ernest Hemingway, "On the Blue Water," Esquire, 29 (April, 1936) 31.

[48]Baker, p. 339.

[49]John Dos Passos, "Art and Isadora," Esquire, 28 (March, 1936) 41.

[50]John Dos Passos, "Personal Appearance (Rudolph Valentino)," Esquire, 27 (Feb., 1936) 32.

[51]John Dos Passos, "The Big Director," Esquire, 30 (May, 1936) 50.

[52]John Dos Passos, "None But the Brave," Esquire, 26 (Jan., 1936) 42.

[53]John Dos Passos, "Grosz Comes to America," Esquire, 34 (Sept., 1936) 105.

[54]Thomas Mann, "The Godly Warrior," Esquire, 29 (April, 1936) 32.

[55]Sean O'Faolain, "The Tall Coorter," Esquire, 29 (April, 1936) 36.

[56]John Steinbeck, "The Lonesome Vigilante," Esquire, 35 (Oct., 1936) 35.

[57]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Crack-Up," Esquire, 27 (Feb., 1936) 41.

[58]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Pasting it Together," Esquire, 28 (March, 1936) 35.

[59]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Handle With Care," Esquire, 29 (April, 1936) 39.

[60]Mizener, p. 280.

[61]Gingrich, Nothing But People, p. 240.

[62]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Crack-Up," Esquire, 27 (Feb., 1936) 41 and 164.

[63]Ernest Hemingway, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Esquire, 33 (Aug., 1936) 200.

[64]Mizener, p. 321.

[65]Ernest Hemingway, "The Denunciation," Esquire, 60 (Nov., 1938) 19.

[66]Ernest Hemingway, "The Butterfly and the Tank," Esquire, 61 (Dec., 1938) 19.

[67]Ernest Hemingway, "Night Before Battle," Esquire, 63 (Feb., 1939) 27.

[68]John Dos Passos, "Introduction to Civil War," Esquire, 47 (Oct., 1937) 53.

[69]John Dos Passos, "Spanish Diary: Coast Road," Esquire, 48 (Nov., 1937) 206.

[70]John Dos Passos, "The Road to Madrid," Esquire, 49 (Dec., 1937) 243.

[71]John Dos Passos, "Room and a Bath at the Hotel Florida," Esquire, 50 (Jan., 1938) 132.

[72]John Dos Passos, "The Villages are the Heart of Spain," Esquire, 51 (Feb., 1938) 32.

[73]Langston Hughes, "Air-Raid Barcelona," Esquire, 59 (Oct., 1938) 40.

[74]Sheilah Graham, Beloved Infidel (New York, 1958) p. 206.

[75]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "An Alcoholic Case," Esquire, 39 (Feb., 1937) 32.

[76]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Financing Finnegan," Esquire, 50 (Jan., 1938) 41.

[77]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Design in Plaster," Esquire, 72 (Nov., 1939) 51.

[78]Mizener, p. 321.

[79]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Pat Hobby's College Days," Esquire, 100 (May, 1941) 55.

[80]Arnold Gingrich, ed. The Pat Hobby Stories (London, 1967) p. 7.

[81]Gingrich, The Pat Hobby Stories, pp. 7-23.

[82]Gingrich, The Pat Hobby Stories.

[83]Frederico Garcia Lorca, "Dark Night of the Soul," Esquire,95 (Dec., 1940) 68.

[84] Peterson, p. 276.

[85] Peterson, p. 276.

[86]Pietro Di Donato, "Christ in Concrete," Esquire, 40 (March, 1937) 40.

[87]Peterson in Erickson, et al, "Some Words and Pictures About Arnold Gingrich," Esquire, 515 (Oct., 1976) 70.

[88]Marcel Desage, "She's No Longer Faithful If--," Esquire, 29 (April, 1936) 35.

[89]Mann, "The Godly Warrier," Esquire, (April, 1936) 32.

[90]O'Faolain, "The Tall Coorter," Esquire, (April, 1936) 36.

[91]Anonymous (Helen Lawrenson), "Latins Are Lousy Lovers," Esquire, 35 (Oct., 1936) 36.

[92]Penn T. Kimball, "The Non-Editing of Esquire," Columbia Journalism Review, 3 (Fall, 1964) 32.

[93]Kimball

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